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513 By eight o'clock most of the people have already retired. The bigger boys, now lustily singing a song, stay up latest; but soon all is quiet. On
●[883] moonlight nights, however, the boys and girls dance and play in the *khoro* or outside the village until a late hour. Similarly, if there is beer in the village, there will be noise well into the night and very often quarrels
[786] and fights as well. When the spirit of a possessed woman comes upon her, there may be drumming and singing for her to dance to all night; then no one gets much sleep.

252 You yourself retire into the hut set aside for you, your mind full of the new impressions received during the day. How long you have been asleep you do not know, but suddenly you are aware of a dull, thudding noise. Can it be a drum in the distance? No. It is too regular. Again you hear thud, thud, thud. You look at the time. It is 2 a.m. You try to go to sleep; but the unknown beat is too disturbing, so you go outside to investigate. Some shadowy figures are moving at one end of the village. Women stamping! It is the women you watched in the morning, finishing the last process in their stamping. You wonder how they can see; but the night is, after all, not so dark and the meal is very white. Moreover, soon the moon will be up. The meal is stamped, then, by means of a circular movement of a flat basket, the finer grains are separated from the coarser again and again till the flour is fine enough to pass through the fine mesh of a European sieve, though in a few kraals one still finds even the last process being done by means of a basket. Later, when the sun becomes hot, the meal will be spread out to dry on mats or rocks, if any are conveniently near, or in baskets. If the women finish their stamping before dawn, they may go back to bed, as you have decided to do.

805 Such is the everyday life in a Lovedu village. There are, however,
241 important differences from one season to another, for Lovedu life is in
221 much closer harmony with nature than ours. The Native himself divides the seasons into three: *khilowo*, the time of hoeing, which is reckoned from about September to January; *lepuvulo*, or summer, from about February to the end of May, the time when foods are plentiful; and *mavia*, or winter, from June to the end of August. With the introduction of the plough, the planting season has been curtailed and the season of reaping prolonged. Whereas in the old days hoeing and the planting of advance crops in wet places began as early as September, to-day, even if the rains come early, nothing is done until November, more particularly because crops planted earlier are more prone to be attacked by the stalkborer. Consequently we shall consider November as the opening of the seasonal calendar. It must, however, be remembered that division of the year into seasonal activities is somewhat artificial, for activities overlap and life is never directed to one single object. Individuals often pursue their own ends, despite the general activities prevailing, and at all times there is great diversity.

244 During the ploughing and planting season, November to February,
221 there are not many people, other than children and the aged, to be found in the villages. Workers set out early to begin work in the fields, their

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Even if blood flows, no case can be brought against a hardboy, for he is still uncircumcised, irresponsible.

Training for both boys and girls in home-making is embodied in the institution known as *mangkwane*, which, while being little more than a game, is nevertheless accorded adult recognition. Utilization by the children of the harvest gleanings after reaping, which may be regarded as its practical economic aspect, is to-day not much in evidence, but while it lasts women whose sons are taking part are saved the trouble of cooking the evening meal. After the reaping, when the cattle graze in the mealie lands near home, *mangkwane* is begun by the girls calling the boys to come and be chosen. They stand in a row while each girl chooses a 'husband' by kneeling before and greeting the boy of her choice. He signifies his consent by answering the greeting. After the parents have been told of their intention to hold *mangkwane*, the boys begin to build rough huts in the fields, while the girls smear the floors and courtyards. Each couple may have its own establishment with very often also a small child chosen as their 'child', or one large house for all may be made. With pots, baskets, spoons, and other utensils borrowed from home, the girls stamp mealie meal and cook dishes of porridge, nuts, and pumpkin, while the boys, if they can, bring home birds as relish. The game begins about eleven o'clock in the morning and ends in dancing and singing after dark; this lasts for about ten days or more till, at the end, the miniature village is burnt. Each 'wife', in addition to serving food to her 'husband' in the proper manner, must also take food every evening to her 'mother-in-law' in the boy's home. This is eaten, not by the mother-in-law herself, but by children of the household who are not taking part in the game. Occasionally the elders walk over to watch activities in the play-village and give a word of advice. That the institution is taken seriously by adults is shown by the fact that, though *mangkwane* partners never marry, the mother of the girl will very often after the *mangkwane* take a gift of beer (usually five calabashes or so) to the parents of her small daughter's 'husband', who will slaughter a goat in recognition of the gift just as though the relationship were real. There is nothing to prevent relatives from being *mangkwane* partners. To-day the 'husband' is usually much younger than the 'wife' and the game is confined to children under the age of puberty. Not more than a few years ago, however, boys and girls of marriageable age used to take part, the institution being considered as primarily for them. One of the reasons for the change is the absence of many of the older boys at work in town, while the failure of young men to keep the rules against impregnation in the play sexual intercourse that often forms part of the game makes mothers loath to allow older girls to join in.

General behaviour, attitudes, and values are not taught by any formal training. These are inextricably bound up with life in the society and become unconsciously adopted by any one fully partaking in social life. Even a European, when speaking the language and trying to enter into their social activities, finds himself unconsciously taking for granted values that he never had before and which are certainly not to be found in European life. They seem to follow naturally from the social situation